



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

bereaved husband of the printed invitations, in one is requested to join the funeral cortège as a friend, is proof positive of their prosperity. She does not seem to have had any children.

A Dutch custom demands attention which we find existing in New York also down to 1740. Art dealers held big lotteries of paintings and other art objects, instead of sales, thus catering to the gambling spirit among a people of merchants. As we know that Molenaer worked for one of these lottery dealers, being commissioned to deliver paintings to the amount of several hundred guilders, we assume that his wife also occasionally disposed of her work in that manner, perhaps together with her husband. In all probability Judith Leyster was very productive, though no more than an odd dozen of her paintings is known to-day. After the changes to better-known names which her signature seems to have undergone, and on account of the probable collaboration with her husband, some of her works will undoubtedly always remain sailing under false flags. Although few of her paintings bear dates, it seems to be a fact that womanlike she did her best work before marriage.

As to her subjects, they are just as typical as those of Frans Hals: she seems to have done little portrait work on commission. She profited by Hals'

lucky find of the picturesqueness of his life-sized, happy-go-lucky drinkers, smokers and musicians. These free and easy subjects of Hals have contributed as much to his fame as his portraits and corporation pieces. Again, as is often the case with women, Judith Leyster is so intense that she is sometimes *plus royaliste que le roi*, more Frans Hals than Frans Hals, as for instance in her masterpiece "The Jolly Toper" [Amsterdam Ryksmuseum] of her early period (1629). The coloring is extremely lively but has faded; the face shows red blood and the composition is masterly.

Sometimes she seems to have repeated herself, using the same subject twice, not always with the same success. However, when at her best, Judith Leyster is to be classed with the great Dutch painters. For mercenary reasons later generations conveniently effaced nearly all traces of her existence. That her works helped swell the fame of no less a master than Frans Hals is her greatest distinction and the best proof of the virile nature of her work. In *genre* painting it puts her on a par with him.

Judith Leyster of Haarlem, housewife of Jan Miense Molenaer, is a remarkable figure in the world of art and one to which her sex can point not without pride.

Frieda van Emden

THE SWORD OF LA FAYETTE*

(Inscribed to Raymond Poincaré, President of the French Republic)

It was the time of our despair,
When lion-hearted Washington—
That man of patience and of prayer—
Looked sadly at each rising sun.
In all the freedom-breeding air,
Of hope and rescue there was none.
When lo!—as down from Heaven let,
There came the sword of La Fayette!

Our harbors—how they danced with light!
Our tireless bells—how they did ring!
Again we girded up to fight
Not England, but her Prussian king.
For here was succor, and the might
Of one great soul's imagining . . .
What wonder if our eyes be wet
To see the sword of La Fayette!

Upon the walls where Justice keeps
The swords she doth most gladly save,
Not one of all so deeply sleeps
Within the scabbard's honored grave
But, listening for her call, it leaps
To live again among the brave.
Thank Heaven our naked blade is set
Beside the sword of La Fayette!

Not his, not ours, the brutal strife,
The vulgar greed of soil or dross;
The feet that follow drum and fife
Shall tread to nobler gain or loss.
'T is for the holiness of life
The Spirit calls us to the Cross.
Forget us, God, if we forget
The sacred sword of La Fayette.

Robert Underwood Johnson

* Read at the celebration of "France Day," April 26, 1917, at the College of the City of New York.

